

The Whiting Tree

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I must apologize for being late in getting the WHITING TREE out. I have waited for some of your messages and have not had too much news from some of the families. I hope that you will all enjoy this issue as we try to honor Uncle Earnest. He had his 93rd birthday on February 16th, and he now believes that he has lived longer than any member of his family, and intends to live several more years. He is already planning for his 100th. You are all invited to attend this at my home on February 16, 1990. He will be disappointed if you don't come.

We have lost two great family members since our last issue. Aunt Nellie P. Whiting, and Aleen Allred Whiting. These two wonderful women will be missed. I am sure that none will sing in our family choir without remembering the years that Aunt Nell has directed us. I am sure that there was a wonderful reunion with Uncle Ralph. It seems that each reunion we have, a few of the old timers are not there.

You have all received, I hope anyway, a schedule of the events at the coming reunion. We invite any or all of you to come early and just enjoy the beautiful Homestead and the mountains. There will be plenty of family there on Friday, July 2nd. Our Reunion will start on Saturday morning, July 3rd - Sunday, July 4th. We would like to have all of you there. Please make whatever effort is needed.

We will have our Family Representatives meeting on Sunday, and you all are invited to be there. We will be selecting a new President, and you can give this some thought. We have some very important things to discuss, and need you there. If any of you have suggestions on how we can make this reunion better, and plan better ones in the future, come prepared to make this known. It seems that it is so easy for me to get into a rut and just stay there. I am sure that there are some great ideas out there.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Aunt Betty, wife of Uncle Arthur C. Whiting has been ill for several weeks here in Phoenix. We want her to know that as a family we love and appreciate her and hope that she is soon better. I am sure that there will be more to report on this at our coming reunion, but we want Aunt Betty and Uncle Art to know that we are thinking about them and love them.

IN MEMORY OF
ALEEN ALLRED WHITING

Aleen, wife of Jay, passed away on Friday, January 22, 1982 after a long illness. She was stricken with cancer in 1979. During her long illness she never lost her beautiful spirit, and there was never a word of complaint or self-pity heard. She was always OK whenever asked.

She is survived by her husband, Jay, and six children, Joyce Packard, Glenna Tingey, Myrna Borden, Debra Lewis, Terry Schnepf, and her son, Trey, and 24 grandchildren. Also, three sisters, Bessie Layton, Naoma Waye and Ruth Rais.

Her funeral was held January 25, 1982, and the program was as she had directed. Her sister, Bessie Layton, gave her life story, and Mickey Whiting was the speaker. Her grandchildren sang a medley of songs, and her grandson, Dennis Tingey, gave a beautiful reading. She was so very proud of her grandchildren and would have been so very pleased at their performance at her services. She said so often near the end, "I'm not afraid of dying, it is leaving so soon and not being able to see my grandchildren grow up." Her services were held in the Mesa 25th Ward Chapel, and they tell us one of the largest ever held there. The entire Chapel was full of beautiful floral offerings and plants. She was buried in the Mesa City Cemetery and in the plot she had chosen.

Hundreds of cards and letters expressing love and appreciation have been received from many that she had worked with over the years in Church and other projects. So many of the wonderful missionaries of the Oklahoma Tulsa Mission that she loved so much were present, and sent their love. Many of them told of how she had affected their lives. One said, "She was truly a great lady."

Two of the many expressions received are the two following poems from two sisters she had worked with in the Church.

ALEEN

The cross that was hers, she accepted
With hardly a grimace or sigh.
Her deep suffering, borne serenely,
Was known only to those close by.

Her smile conveyed a brave message!
It exalted her over the crowd.
She held her head high, and attended

The lonely, the humble, and bowed.

For family, friends, and neighbors,
She displayed a rare, queenly air;
And never, for even a moment,
Withheld her loving and tender care.

The passing from earth to heaven
Comes to each and to every soul.
How days and hours are devoted here
Secures life's eventual goal.

To bless, to sustain and comfort,
The fragrance of her love lingers on,
Slowly turning the sadness and sorrow
Into peace and celestial song.

Her's the task, and the choice, to lead
Through death's sweet, yet mysterious door.
Now, she tenderly waits to greet you
On that beautiful, heavenly shore.

Earline C. Layton Mesa, Arizona



****IN MEMORY****

I do not weep for you,
 No, I have prayed these many nights
For pain to cease,
 That you might be at peace,
And I rejoice that you are safe
 In Heavenly arms.
It's for us my eyes are wet--
 We miss your charms,
Your laugh, your smile, your gentle squeeze,
 Your way of putting folks at ease.
I've shared your life so many years,
 Please understand that tears
I shed are ones of gratitude
 For all the love that's filled my cup,
And now that time on earth is up
 For you, I find it difficult
To function just as me--
 I know that we
Are an eternal unit, that in store
 For us in life together evermore,
But now,
 Though I'll be strong and make it through somehow,
Please understand, Aleen, that missing you
Is harder yet

Than any trial I've ever met.

Teresa Gardner Randall Tempe, Az.

IN MEMORY OF NELLIE PRIESTLY WHITING

January 29, 1982 marked the passing of our beloved mother "affectionately known to many as, Grandma or Aunt Nell Whiting."

Mother was born July 31, 1909 at Salt Lake City, Utah. When her mother died giving birth to her, her maternal grandparents took the responsibility of raising her to adulthood.

She was a beautiful girl who began exercising her musical talents at a very tender age and culminating her lifelong dedication to music in the Church with our ward annual Christmas Cantata, given just a few weeks prior to her passing.



She married Uncle Ralph Whiting to which union were born five living children, (3 sons, and 2 daughters). One son died shortly after birth.

Though our mother was honored many times by the community, Church, and family for her years of devoted service in the field of music, perhaps more important are the memories of unselfish giving in other areas. Many bishops and stake leaders have received financial blessings to their building and budget funds as a result of mother and dad giving so unselfishly their means, time, and talents in producing drama and musical fund raising events. There are many who speak fondly of their "Luau's" as well.

The afore mentioned talents of our dear mother are all

important, but of greatest worth to her loved ones was her gift (which she shared generously) to care for the sick and even the dying. There are many who remember well the nursing qualities of "Aunt Nell" but there are probably many in our large family who really do not know or are too young. Everyone who got sick wanted the special loving tender care of mother. She cared for Grandmother Anna Maria Whiting at the time of her death. During each of these serious times she devoted herself to caring for whoever was ill and considered it her blessing to be able to offer service.

Most of all, we her family remember her as totally devoted to her children and always loyal and supportive of her sweetheart "Uncle Ralph."

As her children, we wish to extend our love and appreciation to so many of you who showed your love and concern prior to and after her passing.

Many of you came great distances to be with us. Others gave of your means when it helped and meant so much. We can only say thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Though we all miss mother, we know she has gone to a greater and better place. She dwells in a far happier state with our beloved and honored father.

John L. Whiting

HISTORY
OF
EARNEST J. WHITING

Earnest J. Whiting was born February 16, 1889 at Mapleton, Utah County, Utah, to Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson. He was the fourth child of a family of nine.

"My earliest memories are when I was about 2 years old and we were living at the Dry Canyon Mill set at the head of Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah. We had an old hen who wouldn't lay in the nests but the folks couldn't find out where she was laying. Everyone looked, but one day I followed her and found her nest. I was so proud to have found it.

It was at Dry Canyon Mill some years later that Joe Curtis let me drive an ox team pulling a log. He let me use his bull whip. I think I whipped the back of my neck more than the ox but I felt much too big to cry.

When I was 4 or 5 years old we were living in Mapleton and I had typhoid fever very bad. I can remember to this day how bad my back ached and how sick I was. One night I dreamed Pa held me up real high and said, "Oh, God, take this boy." The next morning I asked Pa if he really did, for it seemed so real to me. He said, "No son, you were just delirious with the fever." I remember I was so thirsty but wouldn't drink any water except from a certain ditch. My Grandma Whiting walked about a half a mile to the ditch and back to get me some water. When she got back and gave it to me I tasted it and told her it was rotten just like all the other water.

When I was just a kid in Mapleton the kids teased me so much about my red hair and freckles. They called me "Rusty Frying Pan." "Rusty" or would pretend to warm their hands over my hair. I had so many freckles the kids would ask me if that was bran all over my face. In general they made me pretty miserable.

I was baptized in the summer after I was eight, sometime just before the 4th of July. I was riding home on an old flatbed

wagon. In one of the planks was a 60 penny nail. I dropped something off the wagon and started to jump off to get it but got hung up on that nail. It went clear through my thigh. I was caught so I had to hang there until they could stop the wagon and lift me off. My leg was still so bad I couldn't be on our float for the 4th of July parade. My folks fixed up a float on the flat bed wagon with a real high seat for May to sit on and drive the team. All the rest of the kids were dressed to look like chickens. They had their arms and legs in the arms of shirts and with some trimming, looked real good. Not long after they left home, back came the team and the front of the wagon. Ma just went to screaming, "It's killed them all." Eddie came home before too long and explained they had hit a rut and it had broken off the high seat and threw May off in the ditch. The team had started to run but all the kids had their arms in the costumes and no one could catch the reins. They soon hit a little ditch and threw kids every which way. No one was hurt too bad. Ralph swore his ear was broken where it got hit.

I was about 8 and Ralph about 6 when I was riding the horse while we were cultivating the current bushes and we plowed up an old egg. We always played a game called "Blind Smash," whenever we got hold of an old egg, where the blindfolded guy tried to see if he could hit the egg with a stick. I hollered for Ralph to quick get the egg so we could play it. Ralph got the egg and was holding it in his hands kind of close to his face, when the egg exploded and blew it all over his face. Pa took one look at him and said, "Good Lord, kid, did you think it was good to eat!"

I was still about 9 when Martha and I went to Provo to get goods for the store. I was driving, we got to watching the wagon that was sprinkling the street and watching the kids running under the sprinklers and I didn't watch where the team was going. We ran straddle of a telegraph pole and caught the pole between the front wheel and the wagon box. We had to get help to get it off, knocked Martha off the spring seat and she was the maddest little soul you ever saw. But she didn't

see it either so she couldn't say too much. At this time we had a little store in front of our house. The front door to it had a bell on it which rang when someone came in and we'd go wait on them.



5 Years Old



20 Years Old



1948

When I was 10 or so, Eddie and I used to haul produce over to Schofield, Grand Junction or Thistle, then sell it and bring the money home. One trip we felt we had quite a lot of money and worried about robbers, so that night when we camped we dug a hole and buried the money, then made our bed over it. The next morning we got up and left, after a few hours we remembered we had forgotten to dig up the money. Eddie was so excited he just unhooked old Si and rode back as fast as he could to get the money. He was so thrilled to find it as we were so afraid someone would find it before us.

On some of our trips we used to stop at a certain ranch for the night. The man's chickens were so ornery they would practically grab the food out of your mouth. Anything left down we could just figure the chickens would get it. One time we got tired of fighting the chickens, so for meanness we threw cornbread out on the hot coals of our dying fire. Those hungry chickens would just jump to get it. Boy! What a lot of squackling and cackling! But we weren't bothered with chickens anymore. The next trip the man told us about how sore his chickens feet were and that he just couldn't figure out whatever the matter. We were careful not to tell him, too.

I was about 11 when Pa had typhoid fever and he was so sick he couldn't eat. But he wanted a trout. That time a year it was nearly impossible to get the trout to bite. Eddie and I went up on the creek and spent all day trying to catch him one with no luck. On our way home there was a kind of hole in the irrigation ditch below a head gate. I jabbed my fork down into it, more in disgust than anything and what do you know, when I brought up the fork I had stabbed a trout. So Pa got his fish after all.

When he was so sick he wanted cold spring water. We would go about 3 miles on horseback as fast as we dared to get home before it got warm. He was so sick he wanted us to go up there every time he wanted a drink. Pa was sick nearly 6 months before he got over it.

It was while Pa was so sick that no one thought he could have

lived, that he saw his father in a vision, who told him to go back to Arizona and finish his calling there. So we began preparation and about a year later we went to St. Johns to live.

One time when we were following a little creek along, now a lot of times trout would come down the irrigation ditch during a certain time of year and it was a good time to look for them, and we went (Ralph and me) up and down the creeks trying to find a trout that we could get but we never done much good. I looked down in the water and saw what I thought was a penny and sure enough it looked to me just like a penny so I picked it up and marched home a flipping it around as I had found me a penny. A penny meant something in them days, and when I got home I said "Mother, look here, I found this penny out in the ditch." "Well, she said, that's not a penny, that's a five dollar gold piece." Well, she took it away from me and I never got to spend that five dollar gold piece.

When I was a small boy we went up Maple Canyon and Dad took up a Homestead. He never proved up on it, but he started to dig up those big old bunches of Oak stumps before we could plant the potatoes. We went up one day and stayed there all day long trying to dig out one of those stumps. We didn't get it out in one day, so Dad sent me and Ralph and we said could we stay up there all night, it was warm in the middle of the summer. He said yes, but you only had one quilt.

Well we said that we thought we could get by with one quilt, so he let us stay up there all night long. I'll tell you right now that was a long night and a hard night that we put in. We thought if we would stay up there we would get out of milking the cows and doing the chores, but I think next time that I would do the chores.

Anyway, we planted potatoes and got the stumps out. Then in the Fall we went up there and dug potatoes and we had a big wagon and we had that wagon box clear full of potatoes. I didn't know what we were going to do with those potatoes and neither did Ralph and we was riding on the potatoes. Mother and Dad was up in the seat and when we came to a big hill, me and Ralph picked out some of the biggest potatoes and got to throwing them down that hill. We watched them roll down that hill and Dad got a hold of us and he said, "Now you boys can just go down and hunt them potatoes up and bring them back, we didn't raise

potatoes to throw away." Mother talked him out of it and after working us over right good we went on home.

Mother had made a big batch of lemonade and me and Ralph had some little water guns that we got down there for a prize for something. We'd started to squirting that lemonade on one another and got it around our necks and before we got home we were stuck all over with that sugar and we finally got in the bathtub and got it off.

One time before we left Mapleton, Ralph and I and Leonard Taylor, an orphan kid that lived with us, were playing up on the barn. We decided to draw lots to see who got to roll off of the barn roof in a barrel. Leonard got it but he wouldn't roll from the top, he said he wanted to be dropped from the edge. When he rolled off it went straight down, it hit first on the top and then on the bottom. He had both sides of his head well skinned up and we had quite a bit of trouble when we tried to explain what happened.

In the summer after I was 12 years old, we left Mapleton to go to St. Johns. The first night out we camped at Big Springs near Costilla in the Spanish Fork Canyon. A lot of our folks and friends came that far with us and we sang songs and had a big party that night. I drove one of the wagons part of the time. We boys took turns driving.

In our traveling party there were Pa's three brothers-Edgar (Eck), Arthur (Arth), and Fred and their families. That made quite a few kids and we really had a big time each night as we stopped to camp. We would play "run sheep run" and many other games. It may have been quite hard to move on the adults but we kids really did enjoy the trip.

We decided to go on down to Ephraim, Utah, where my grandparents (Isaacson's) lived. When we got there we decided to stay over a day or two. Then we went over to Manti where the Temple was and we stayed there with some people. I forgot their name but I know that we stayed over there a day and the President of the Temple invited all of us, kids and all to go through the Temple to just look at it, not for Temple work.

Oh yes, we did get inside the Temple. We didn't get inside of the ordinance rooms, but we got in the assembly hall and they talked to us for a long time. Then they let us go up the spiral stairways to the dome on top of the Temple and us kids really got a kick out of going up that spiral stairway. We got on top of the Temple and we could look all around and over the country. Grandpa Edwin Whiting worked [on] this staircase.

Well, I don't think I will ever forget how my mother and her mother felt as we passed there on our way to Arizona. My grandmother Martha Isaacson was old and, she was almost bedfast, and she sat there and I can remember to this day how sad they felt and how they cried for one another. But mother promised Dad that she would go on out to Arizona, so there was nothing else to do. I know that I even felt bad myself as I watched what a terrible thing it was on them. Well, anyway we got all cobbled up and started on down the road to Arizona.

Then we made it on down to Kanab and we stayed there. And I remember quite a bit about Kanab because they stayed there a couple of days and I remember me and Lee was swinging out in somebody's barn. They told us not to do that two or three times and Lee managed to swing out and his rope came loose, or something, and he broke a leg.

Uncle Arth came out there and said "serves you just right." I thought he was the meanest man that I had ever seen. There lay Lee with his leg broke and Uncle Arth working him over and maybe he needed it, I don't know. They tried to keep us out of peoples barns and one thing and another, but there was a big flock of kids there and I'm going to tell you and they had something to do.

Well, we left Kanab and went down through Fredonia and I'm telling you that the roads aren't like they are now. When I think of the way we got over the Buckskin Mountains, over the rocks, with no road work done, we had to double up all the horses that we had on each wagon to get it up there. When we finally got on top of the Buckskin and that's only about 20 to 25 miles, we camped

there. We had enough water strapped on the wagon boxes that we could camp a night and water the horses and have plenty of water for camp use.

We camped there all night and I'll promise you you'll have to go and look at that road to know what we had to do to get down. We would cross lots of wagon wheels, that is, we locked all four wheels, then we would cut down a big log and tie it behind the wagons to get it down the steep roads.

I got to thinking years afterwards that it couldn't have been that bad until I went up and looked at the trail that we used. The roads in those days, there was never any work done on the common road. It was only like a crossing the ferry or someplace that they had done any work at all on the roads, and if you don't think they were bad, we could only make about 10 to 15 miles a day.

As we were crossing the Buckskin (Kaibab) Mountains, someone hollered, "I found some Soldier Berries." They were a berry that was good to eat if you liked them, which I didn't. All the other kids really went to eating them. They were some really sick kids, in fact, Lotty Whiting, "Eck" Edgar's girl, very nearly died because they weren't Soldier berries at all, but some kind of poison berries.

After about 10 days we got to House Rock Valley, where Pa's sister, May, was buried a number of years before. She was a girl of just 18 who had been real sickly and died on her way home to Mapleton. We stayed there several days and fixed up her grave. We built a fence and painted it. All her brothers loved her very much and wanted to fix up her grave that was so far from civilization. In fact, it is the farthest marked grave from any cemetery in the United States.

The last time I was there, after many years, some of that fence was there. Somebody has been keeping it up (I don't know who) but if you don't think that was a sad ordeal for my Grandmother while we were trying to patch up that

grave, that lonely grave off out there in a territory where nobody watched it.

Well, after we got through fixing up the grave and got through camping, we hitched up and started on towards Lee's Ferry where we had to ferry across the Colorado. The first stop we made after leaving the grave was to Jacob's Pool.

It was just a pool of water under the ledge where the horses could get water. The water was drinkable but it was kinda dark in color. We stopped over there a little while and I was always going to go back up there and see if that pool was there as I remembered it, but I've never been back to look at it.

We made it to Soap Creek, that's a little creek that comes down out of the high cliffs and we camped there. There's where the big rocks is washed away until they set on a little pinnacle and we camped over there one day. I don't know why, but E.I. and I tried to get down that canyon that leads from there down to the Grand Canyon. We walked down there three or four miles but we come to one big jump-off before we got down to the Colorado River and we had to turn around and go back with sore feet and tired.

Well, we laid over there a day and then we started up to where we were going to ferry across the river. Now if I remember right, it was six, seven, or eight miles on up the river where we went across. There was no road fixed in them days, you just picked a road. If there had been a big storm, why you would have to fix the crossings in the road as we went along. We didn't make much time in this country because there was so many places where we had to fix the road. We finally got to the Ferry.

Now the Ferry had a cable that was stretched straight across the river where it run quite fast. It was a square built boat, capable of taking a team and wagon across. By letting the boat angle with current in the stream, you could get across with the ferry

without any pulling off the cable by hand to get you across.

But anyway we pulled in there, and I never will forget that they had some great big apple trees and there was apples all over the ground and they asked us to lay over a day and help ourselves to the apples and the fruit that was going to waste.

But that's the place that I first got introduced to sand burrs. I got to chasing a rabbit and I ran out into that patch of sand burrs and my feet were full, so I set down to get them out of my feet and had them all over me before I finally got out of there, I got a good introduction to sand burrs.

Well, it took us about a day to cross the river. There was Dad and three of his brothers with their families and they could only take one outfit at a time, we had three outfits in our outfit and the others had two and three. We were a whole day getting across there on that little old boat. Then Mother sat there telling about when they crossed in a ferry boat they didn't had to row their boat across, they would take their wagon boxes and unhitch the horses and cross.

The last time the ferry was there, they wouldn't ferry the cattle across because it would cost too much. They would make the cattle swim across, but mother had a little pet that she had raised on the bottle and she got Granddad to let her put it in the first boat that crossed.

They took that little calf, well it was pretty well grown, nearly a yearling from what she said and they took it over there. There was a lovely patch of feed and they left it a feeding there and came back across before they got back across with the boat that calf had decided to come back but it got down a little too far, where the water went down kinda over

a rough place and the calf went over and Mother stood there and cried and watched her baby calf go down the river.

Well, we finally got across, and then there's a dug way, it's about five or six miles if I remember right, just dug right out of the side of that Grand Canyon wall and it's just wide enough for a wagon to go around. There was no way in the world that you could pass anyone so they sent some of us, and I believe I was one of them that went to see that there were no other wagons coming from there until we got around.

So we went around there and sat and it took a half a day for the wagons to make it. We finally got around there and got up to another big spring that comes right out of the mountain. We made camp there and we laid over there a day.

Well the new had kinda worn off from the traveling for us kids and we started on down the road there and they wasn't everybody running, jumping, and playing after that we kinda got worn down after two or three weeks.

We had spent about two weeks on the road and we went around there to get some water. I think if I remember right, it was Bitter Springs, it was colored water in there and there was a big sign sin there that said it was fit to drink, but it tasted a little bad. We watered the horses but many of us that needed a drink, we drank from the barrels of water we had with us. Then we went on over to the big wash and camped and I wondered where we was going to get water there.

Dad went out with a shovel and there was a sandy wash there coming from that hill, under the cliffs. He just scooped out a little hole and there in the sand wash and there was a nice little stream of water and it cleared up within five minutes, and that

kinda intrigued me that beautiful clear water running down in the bottom of that wash.

Well, we camped there, and as I said the new had kinda wore off on this traveling. Everybody would just drag along and we camped at Cedar Ridge the next camp and there was a little old gal out there herding her herd of sheep. Will Whiting went out there and he had a dollar and offered her the dollar for a sheep.

He couldn't talk Navajo of course but he held that dollar out and she picked it out of his hand and he pointed to one of them sheep, and she shook her head no, but she put her finger right through that dollar. She held it out there and in a way she told him that she wanted \$1.50 for that sheep and he gave her another .50 and we killed that sheep and cooked it that night.

It never got cooled off and I'm a gonna promise you the next day we didn't make very many miles because that psysiqued everybody in the whole outfit and it got so that you didn't even try to find a bush.

Then we went on down and over Cedar Ridge the next camp we made was down to Willow Springs. It's up on the side of the mountain there. Mother told us about the trip years ago when they went by there and there was a a polygamist with two wives living there by that little stream. He had a garden full of lovely big tomato vines. They were just a eating them tomatoes. Mother and Dad stopped there a little while and the people picked a nice big sack full and gave to Mother and Dad to take on the road.

When they got out of sight, Dad said, "That's awful to eat them things, they are not fit to eat," Mother said, "Well, I sure don't like them and they asked the rest of company if they wanted any and nobody wanted tomatoes. That's my first introduction to tomatoes, and we were short on food and nobody would eat any of them, and now tomatoes is one of our stable articles that we eat every day.

Well, we pulled on down and hit the little Colorado about where the bridge is now, only we didn't pull down into the river, we turned east on the north side of the river, and after a couple or three days we got up to where we were going to cross the river, but the river was high and we had to cross on the rock crossing that was there and I went down there not too long ago to see if it was what I could remember and it was.

We crossed when the water was quite high but it didn't bother us any because it was solid rock to cross on we didn't have any trouble. The only trouble we had the water was so muddy the horses wouldn't drink it and we were getting pretty low on just drinking water so we had to get some in a little bit and get the best we could. Went on up and I think it took us two or three days more to get to Winslow.

Just out of Winslow, me and Lottie Whiting crossed the river. We had been on the right side of the river and we went on around but didn't cross the river like you do now. We stayed on the South side and until we got just out of Winslow where we camped.

Me and Lottie was up on that railroad bridge and she had a wire that she had picked up somewhere and she reached up and touched a telegraph wire, well it isn't too stout but it's a pretty good wallop and it knocked her off the bridge or she jumped off, so I had to see how it went. I took it and touched it so I could see, and it was a pretty good wallop, but that was my first introduction to that.

Well we took another day or so and we camped up at Joe City. We laid over there, I think two days. Dad and Uncle Eck went out looking for antelope. They talked to some of the brethren and they said they didn't think they could find an antelope that time of year. Anyway, my Dad went out there and about night him and Uncle Eck came back with an antelope, and we had that meat then. That's my first introduction to an antelope, which is similar to deer.

We pulled on up to Joe City there and camped there for two or three days. And then we started on for St. Johns after we visited there. We pulled into St. Johns, as I remember it, altogether we had traveled 6 weeks.

Now when we pulled into St. Johns we didn't have any trouble finding an old house we could rent. We didn't have much of any furniture, two or three chairs that we hauled along with us. Uncle Eck got a house just across the street from us. Uncle Arth was quite a ways up there where he found one. All of us got located there and we went down with Uncle Ike, (Ma's Brother) he had almost all the meadow valley, and he sold us part of it. Uncle Arth and Uncle Eck

just put in a year or two and got itchey feet and they pulled out. But Uncle Fred, Grandma Whiting [Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting], and us, stayed there.

Well when we were in St. Johns and as long as Lee Whiting stayed there, he was kinda my sidekick and we run around together. I remember one time we went up and they turned the water off in the city ditch and it was full of little carp about 5 inches long. We got our shoes full of them because we didn't have anything else to bring them home in. I never forgot it, because they just seemed good. They were out of cold water anyway.

As I travel now over that part of the road that we traveled many long years ago in wagons as we were going to St. Johns from Utah, now in a car in one day, and not too long of a day. Or as we get in our plane and go in about 3 or 4 hours, I look down on that country and think of the roads that we went over when we came out so many years ago, about 1899.

Now you can hardly tell where the roads were. I remember if there were any mud holes we would have to go around them, but we made it over the roads and we got down to Arizona in pretty good shape.

Dad immediately bought a piece of land right in the middle of town and began to build a store and that was the first project that we made there. We had to go to the mountains and get lumber. He came for me to go with him.

We went up there and sawed out our own lumber and logged our logs. The Forest Service was just commencing to operate then and they come over there and saw what we were doing, cutting timber that we hadn't bought, and they told us that it was against the law to do that anymore. They said now, you'll have to clean up and quit and if you cut anymore you'll have to buy the timber.

But I think that we had about all the logs we

wanted, so we got our lumber cut and brought down to commence work on the store. We began to work on the old store building and while Dad was laying the rock, one rock slipped and almost cut one of his fingers off. He had to quit for quite a long time before he could lay anymore.

Eddie was always there helping and us kids would mix mud and we completed the old store building. Then when we finally got ready for the roof, we were up there putting the shingles on and I was helping Dad with the shingles.

I had my foot against the bundle of shingles and the Lord only knows why, but that bundle of shingles busted with me holding my weight. I was on those slick shingles and I went down off that roof like a shot out of a gun and I lit in the little ravine to the side of the road. A lot of shingles that went with me I lit on some of them, but it didn't hurt me at all that I could see but it knocked the breath out of me.

Dad came down off the building looking for me, when he got down there I was standing up but I hadn't got my breath back, as it had knocked all the wind out of me, and he thought I was gone. But just as soon as I got my breath back I began to laugh. But it did bruise me up a little bit.

Well, I just wanted to tell about some of the friends that I had. I think of Jay Patterson and Ray LeSueur, they both lived close to me and we played together more than any of the others.

Jay Patterson had a big old dog that he could set on us other kids and that old dog would just make after us and bark and jump on us and we were scared to death of him, so he would make the dog behave most of the time, but one day we got to saying we was going to get something that would fight the dog and he said, "All right, you get anything you want to fight the dog and I'll set him on

you." So I said that I wanted a pitch fork, Leonard Taylor was just my age and he said, "I want an axe." "All right Jay," said Dad. I didn't know Pa was over there.

He said, "What kind of boys have I raised to be ascaresd anyway," and he picked up a little piece of broomstick that had a little wire tied on it, a piece about a foot long, and he said, "Now set that dog' onto me," so Jay set the dog on him.

By the time Dad got through with him, in about two minutes, the dog was going for home, a yelping as loud as he could, And then Jay Patterson went up and tried to coax that dog back down onto our place with meat, but he never could get that dog back down there to attack us kids anymore. Ever since that day, I have never been afraid of a dog.

We had a home on what is now Main Street where the theater now stands. We again had a small store first right in the house and then we built a rock building for the store, part of which still stands. We lived there about 5 years, and then bought a house about 2 blocks off Main Street, which is the old home most of you kids remember where Mable Shumway's home now stands. Of course, to start with there was only 3 rooms which Pa added more rooms to as we were able.

Pa soon got a few hives of bees. He never cared too much for honey, but he did love bees. He always kept bees until his death. He was well known for his good honey especially some real white creamy honey his bees made late in the fall.

When I was about 15 years old in St. Johns, Ralph and I went down to do some farming below St. John two or three miles. When we were coming home I told Ralph we were going down a steep hill and that the double trees might come off as they were poorly hooked on. Well, he told me he'd show me how they come down hill in Chicago. He urged the horses to a high gallop and the

double trees came off. The tongue ran into the ground and the wagon almost turned over.

It threw both of us way up in the air and I lit flat on my back. Ralph lit square on his face and when I looked up his whole face was covered with blood. It took me about 10 minutes before I could get any breath and when I did I informed him we didn't want to run down hills like they did in Chicago.

The tongue was run into the ground so far we couldn't get it out even with a shovel and we had to wire an old pole to the wagon to be able to go home. We were one sad looking pair when we got home.

Pa always kept a little blacksmith shop just for his own use. Pa bought out Charlie Davis' blacksmith shop. He had been a gunsmith and had left a few old guns, partly repaired, laying around.

We kids found an old .22 rifle that had a bullet lodged in the barrel. Ralph, Lynn and I decided to clean it out. I was driving a ram rod through it with a hammer and we had the gun locked in the vise.

Lynn got down underneath to see if it was coming. He began to holler, "It's a comin, it's a comin." I looked down and missed the ram rod and the hammer flew out of my hand and floored Lynn. Ralph and I started for the house with Lynn, and when Ralph got to looking at the blood running down Lynn's face, he fainted dead away. Lynn forgot his trouble and we went to carrying Ralph into the house. We later finished cleaning the gun and used it for years.

During my dating years I made it a point whenever there was a dance, to dance at least once with some of the wallflowers. Those days about every 4th dance was a ladies choice. Because I had danced with them I never had to sit out any of the ladies choice sets and it made those girls think pretty well of me too. It never hurts

anyone to pay a little special attention to those less popular than the others.

The fall before I turned 18, I went up to Logan, Utah, to school. It was kind of a combination high school and college. I stayed up there just one year. While I was up there I was in quarantine for Diphtheria for about three weeks. I never got it, but a friend of mine was real bad with it. It come about the middle of the year and really messed up my schooling. I became acquainted with two seniors, Bill and Dave Waysgard. We got to be such good pals that we wrote for years even after I was married. One of the subjects I was especially good in was mathematics, but English was my downfall. I took a course in blacksmithing which has helped me all through my life since.

I left home on November 23, 1909 to go to Salt Lake, Utah, so as to go out and fill a mission. I was called to what was then called the Eastern States Mission. My labors were mainly in the state of West Virginia.

There I spent two very wonderful years in a very wonderful area. Before leaving on my mission, I went out to Ephraim to visit Grandma and Grandpa Isaacson for four days.

On December 7, 1909, I was set apart for my mission by Apostle Heber J. Grant. I went through the temple and received my endowments on December 8, 1909. I left Salt Lake on December 9th to go to New York, then on to Fairmont which was to be my headquarters. I arrived in Fairmont on December 17, 1909.

One day while my companion and I were tracting, I believe it was in Roan County, we met some Josephite folks. They invited us in and said it really didn't make too much difference what we called ourselves, we were all "Mormons." They were very good to us and that night helped us arrange for a meeting in the schoolhouse. Some of their neighbors

decided to rough us up after the meeting, and those Folks decided they wouldn't, so a big fight began and some guns were used. No one was too bad hurt, but I sure didn't sleep the rest of the night for fear they would come back to get us.

It seemed that with my thin redhead skin I was especially appetizing to the chiggers, bed bugs and fleas. I fought bugs, and went to Doctors about them half the time. One time I had to keep going back to the doctor because some folks thought I had small pox the bed bugs had bit me up so bad.

There was a Skidmore family who lived way up in the hills. The country was such that you couldn't get there except on foot. It was up on top of a flat mesa and was sure a pretty ranch, with a lake and all. They had a very nice home and especially when you knew that everything had had to be packed in on their back. One time we helped to pack up a bedstead and it was about seven miles of just foot path to get there.

Any of the folks that lived near or on the roads were pretty much like the folks back home. But back in the hills it was almost unbelievable the conditions those people actually lived in. Lots of those hill folks never got out to town or civilization in their whole lifetime. They cooked on open fireplaces and ate mainly cornpone, cornbread, etc.

Because of some incidents with a previous missionary, the folks in one little town were real bitter against the L.D.S. missionaries. When we got there a mob formed and we had to get out of there as soon as we could. We walked as fast as we could for about 20 miles to escape the wrath of the mob. They never did catch us, but we were two real scared missionaries.

Rush Run was a place where we had a lot of friends who were sure good to us. It was just like coming home when we had been gone from there for awhile. It was here that the Henry Critchfield's, the Clark and Ross

Henderson's, the Dailey's and many others lived, who I shall never forget. One character I will remember was Doc Critchfield. He was kind of simple minded in some ways but real smart in others. He could really repair watches. One time his sister wanted a watch and asked him if it was any good. Doc answered, "Oh, Sis, that one will just tick you off an hour in no time at all." He was a character, but we liked him.

Then there were Brother and Sister Floyd McCray who lived in Richardson, West Virginia and Brother and Sister Robert E. Connolly from Criston, West Virginia that were so good to us missionaries. We spent a lot of time at their homes too. These two families eventually moved west to St. Johns.

I left Fairmont, West Virginia, on December 9, 1911 to come home. I got home about the 16th. The Mission President had released several of us so we could arrive home for Christmas. When I got home, most of my crowd had married and some had left town. So for a while I just didn't fit anywhere.

That spring I went to work with Pa in the sawmill. I eventually bought in with Pa and May's husband, Herbert Berry. The first mill site was south of Sierra Trigo about three miles north of the old homestead. After about two years I bought Herbert out. Pa and Ma stayed about two years longer than I bought out Pa.

In the meantime I had met Beryl. It was on December 22, 1912. Myrtle Whiting Isaacson is the one that introduced us. We met in our store. Myrtle just said, "Beryl this is Earnest - Earnest, this is Beryl." We had our first date on Christmas night. Beryl was living in Concho with her sister, Winnie, and her husband, Frank Whiting. In the following months there were quite a few trips between St. Johns and Concho. I asked Beryl to marry me on March 20, 1913. She accepted and plans began for

our wedding. Beryl went to El Paso to her folks home on May 25, 1913. We were married on September 30, 1913 in El Paso by Beryl's father, William Derby Johnson, Jr., who was a Bishop. Then we went to the Salt Lake Temple to be sealed on October 8, 1913. That was our honeymoon.

Soon after we were married we went to live at the sawmill south of the homestead. Beryl cooked for the mill hands who worked there for me. I built a small house of rough lumber, which Beryl turned into a cheerful home with pictures on the wall and wild flowers on the table and curtains at the windows.

Beryl always wore starched and ironed dresses and a print apron, a sharp contrast to others in camp. Everyone loved to eat Beryl's bread and beans which she made fresh each day. She continued to cook for the mill hands about thirteen years until I sold my share of the sawmill to Eddie. After which we moved to Holbrook.

I improved on the mill site over the years, enlarging and moving closer to the timber sales as needed. We had steam engines for power to drive the log carriage.

When the Robert E. Conley family came out from West Virginia after I returned from my mission, they worked for me and we were always very close Friends. The sons Heber, Noah and Daw also worked for me. Juan and Stella Sanchez worked for me and were close, very close to me and Beryl. Stella always made the best tamales over the years. During all these years we had several girls working for us to help Beryl tend children and cook. Several of these were Eliza Rothlesberger Shreeve, Peggy McCray Anderson and Wilma Fillerup Turley.

I can't remember the exact date when I was made a High Priest and called to the St. Johns Stake High Council, but I served until we moved to Holbrook.

Four of our children were born during this time of moving back and forth between St. Johns and the sawmill.

Beulah was born July 23, 1914 in St. Johns in Ma's front room where we lived. Sis Jarvis was the midwife.

Lyman Dam washed out in April, 1915, in the night. I grabbed my pants and went to turn the two logging horses out so they wouldn't drown. Came back and got Beryl and Beulah and we went to the home of her sister, Winnie Johnson Whiting and husband, Frank. The flood washed away three left shoes and all I had was three right shoes.

Jay was born August 4, 1917 in St. Johns in the first home I built. It was in the far northeast end of town. The fall before Nita was born the family moved into the house which Mr. Acosta helped me build. We felt we had a mansion with three bedrooms, living room with fireplace, with sliding doors between living room and dining room, and a room for a bath (but never got it in) and a big kitchen.

Nita was born December 30, 1921 in St. Johns. Dr. Heywood helped Beryl through a difficult delivery. Ret Waite and Elda came to help out too.

Beth was born August 27, 1924 in this house. Dr. Boulden delivered her. This also was a very long difficult birth.

My cousin, Carrie Whiting Starley and her husband, Abe, came from Utah to work for me in the Ford garage in Holbrook as a mechanic. A lifelong friendship developed because both families lived in one house for the first few months until we could move into the Leopold house. I gave Jay an old Model T and Abe helped him rebuild it. He enjoyed it for a long time. The Starley's played a very important part in our lives until we moved to California and they moved back to Utah.

Edwina was born several years after our move to Holbrook. Because of Beryl's health we sent her to Frank Brown who had a maternity home in Provo. Pa and Ma went up and stayed with her for the two months she had to be away

from her family. We were all so happy when Beryl and the new baby got off the train just three days before Christmas.

We moved to Holbrook, January 1, 1927. We lived in several houses, the last one we bought which was on Highway 66 on the west side of town. I served in the Holbrook Ward Bishopric for several years under Bishop O.C. Williams as councilor and Wallace Ellsworth was the other councilor. Brother Bill Cross was our ward clerk.

My first hernia surgery was done in St. Vincent Hospital in Los Angeles by Dr. Tebbets. In 1932 I went to Phoenix where my brother-in-law, Dr. Frank Brown, performed two major surgeries on me at once, appendix and removal of many gall stones. I nearly died from being under anesthesia so long and it took me many long years to recover.

The next day when I was so sick and could have died, I realized I must live for my young family. I didn't cry and waste any strength on that, as I had made up my mind that I will only live five minutes at a time. I watched the clock and the minutes passed and I lived the next five minutes.

The summer of 1933 we were advised by Frank Brown to move to Los Angeles for Nita's health. She was so ill and it was so hot going across the desert. When we got a ways out of Needles she said, "I can't go any further." So we took the mattresses off the car and we slept on the ground. Nita was in the car. Just before daylight Nita told us she could go on now, so we went on into Alhambra to Myn and Don's house.

Beulah was married to John Edwin Heward while we were living on Ramona Blvd. She was married in Salt Lake Temple on April 5, 1934. We were unable to be there, but several of my family were able to be with them.

We lived in several homes in the L.A. area, but the one we all remember is the one we bought on 3274 E. Story Street in 1935, in East Los Angeles, known as City Terrace. We bought the home for \$600 and I did a lot of remodeling.

Some of the people I hauled out to Los Angeles to see specialists were:

Milton Bushman and his mother, Daphne Bushman
Ike Issaccson (his wife and son) (Ike was a
cousin)

Flora Harris and mother, Ella Harris (more
cousins)

Elda stayed with us after her son Phil was
born 1936

Arch Issaccson (cousin)

Arthur Curtis (cousin)

Bernice Shumway Skinner (little crippled girl from
Taylor)

Hazel Heward and daughter, Margaret (John's mother and
sister)

Zell Whiting - sister-in-law

Slim Jones' little girl

Beryl cooked for them and drove them to and from the
doctors and hospitals. Even with all this driving, Beryl
never did like to drive in traffic

Two friends we met in Los Angeles who were special all
their lives were Bill Jacobs and Mrs. Ireland. Also, Steve
Williams, who ran Whiting Bros gas station and truck
terminal. It was near the Story Street home. There was a
long flight of stairs going from just behind the station
to the top of the hill. This made it faster to get back
and forth between the two. Mr. Williams was famous for his
burnt toast because he said you could scrape it down to
whatever shade you wanted. When we think of Story Street
it brings back a lot of memories.

Gladys Whiting lived in a little house at the
foot of a hill, very close to us, with her family. She
and Beryl were always very close friends.

The weekly shopping was done on Saturday evening. We
would go to Belvedere Gardens or to Grand Central in
downtown Los Angeles usually late enough to pick up very
good specials. There was always a treat for us of "lady
fingers and peanuts."

I always remember the bus for the handicap that
picked Nita up, because there were three little

midgets, perfectly proportioned, all from the same family who rode with her.

I served on the building committee to raise funds to complete the Alhambra Ward Chapel so it could be dedicated. I made many friends while serving on this committee.

In the summer of 1940, after Nita's graduation from the special schools California had for handicapped, we moved back to Holbrook as Nita's and my health was improved by then.

While I was overseeing the building of several houses on E. Hampshire, known then as Whiting Row, I built myself one.

Nita married Harold Earl Bushman, Sr. in Salt Lake Temple September 16, 1941. Martha and Frank Brown went with them as we were unable to come.

Jay married Aleen Allred on January 15, 1942 in the Salt Lake Temple. Members of my family who lived in Salt Lake were with them also.

Beth married Austin Daniel Simper, Sr., on March 20, 1943 in Santa Monica, California. She was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on March 31, 1943.

Some of the men who worked for me for many years were: Slim Jones, Ed Benner, Joe Keith, Jessie Keith. Harvey Smithson and Aaron Porter were also good friends as well as good employees.

I always liked to go hunting and fishing all my life. I have many, many fond memories in my youth and adult life of these activities. I have enjoyed stream fishing for trout all over the White Mountains, with family even to my Grandsons.

I got my love of hunting from Pa and have had many wonderful times with him, my brothers, nephews, son and sons-in-law. This even carried over so many of our Doctor friends who enjoyed going with us on the Kaibab. They were Dr's Walter Weiman, Rosco Bigler, George Godett, Homer Pheasant, Wesley Wright and Joseph Lombardie.

I moved Beryl to Mesa in late summer of 1948 to see if

her health would improve in a lower climate. She had been very ill for several years. We moved several times before I built the houses on Udall and one was for us. In about 1949 I built Beryl a home on the corner of Second and Hibbert. I was only able to come down on weekends because of my business in Holbrook. It was hard on all of us.

Beryl went to Los Angeles for cancer surgery in summer of 1951, and she and Edwina stayed with May and Herbert Berry.

Edwina got married to Thomas Earl Dastrup, Jr., on August 31, 1951 in the Mesa Temple. This is the only one of our children we got to see married in the Temple.



80th Birthday-Holbrook



90th Birthday, Mesa, AZ



Holbrook, 1973



In 1945 we got our first timber sale in the Kaibab Forest. I went up and helped Jay and Harold build the mill. Beryl's health would not allow her to come up there, so I boarded with the girls. I went back up to Fredonia in 1950 or 1951 to help Jay and Harold build the big mill there. Beryl was able to come and stay part of a year.

In 1957 the doctors discovered cancer in my prostate gland and surgery had to be done. One of my worst surgeries was when the gall bladder ruptured, while in Holbrook, and the ambulance plane came from Los Angeles and took me to the Queen of Angeles Hospital where Dr. Weiman did emergency surgery at once. I was very ill for a long time. The Lord has really blessed me through my many surgeries over the years.

At long last my only grandson with the Whiting name, E. J. Whiting, III (Trey) was born April 22, 1956.

I built a home for Beryl on W. Buffalo in Holbrook, 1953. Charley Woolford helped with the cabinets. We lived in this house until Beryl's health became worse so we moved to Mesa again in 1962.

We bought a house close to Edwina at 1748 E. Nielson. Beryl lived here until her death on April 10, 1967. During these years in Mesa, I still had to go back and forth to Holbrook, but Beryl and I took the time to visit about our life together, our accomplishments and our blessings. Especially those last days when she was free from pain, for the first time in many years.

For the next few months after her death, I still spent some time in Mesa but my home base was always Holbrook.



1963 - 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



During the summer of 1967 I began to date Zina Dastrup, Tom's Mother. We continued to see one another. I used having to see the doctors as an excuse to go to Los Angeles often. But it was mainly to see Zina.

My children accused me of buying a black sports Chrysler to impress her. Who knows - maybe I did!! I proposed to her while we were at South Mountain during Thanksgiving holiday, and gave her a ring. We set our wedding date for December 30, 1967. We decided on this date because it was during the Christmas holidays and everyone could come.

Our wedding day arrived. All of our eight children and their companions were at the Los Angeles Temple. Our childrens' recommends were all correct, but Zina and I hadn't gotten recommends to show we were to be married. We both had current recommends but not the type to allow a marriage. After several calls to Holbrook and finding Zina's Bishop and Stake President in the Temple, we got things straightened out and the ceremony was performed in good style. I was determined to be married to Zina that day even if by a Justice of the Peace.

Everyone who was at the wedding, plus grandchildren and relatives went to Phillipi's and ate a wedding luncheon which was enjoyed by all. Mr. Martin and Ann had a wedding cake and all the trimmings. The grandchildren put tin cans and other decorations on my new black sports car, which we drove all the way to Long Beach to the International Hotel, where we stayed for two nights.

Then we went to the Holiday Lodge on Alvarado Street close to the Queen of Angels Hospital where I had back surgery on January 4, 1968 after spending three days before surgery in the hospital. I spent three weeks in the hospital and at Zina's house in Long Beach. Then we moved to Mesa and then in May of 1968 we moved everything to Holbrook, selling the Mesa house to John and Beulah.

Zina's daughter, Darlene Workman, died unexpectedly on July 18, 1968 in Los Angeles. This was very hard on Zina and she has not been really well since this shock.

February 16, 1969, my kids gave me a big 80th birthday party at the old Holbrook Ward. A lot of my old friends

came from St. Johns and over up there. It was a big success and about 500 people came. All my children and grandchildren were there and we took pictures and visited and had a great time.

Art and I each built a cabin at Hawley Lake on the White Mountain Indian Reservation, which we enjoyed very much. My children and grandchildren still enjoy going there in the summer months to enjoy the lake and surrounding countryside.

One day in the Summer of 1970, after visiting Tom and Edwina at the cabin, we started home to Holbrook in the early evening, as we rounded the corner coming onto McCoy bridge, I slid and went off to the side of the bridge and rode straight down the rocky steep side to the bottom on the creek bed.

Zina's leg was broken, and my back was hurt. Zina was hospitalized for 4 month, in traction in Mesa Lutheran Hospital. I just had to take time to heal my back which was hurt. I made many trips back and forth to Mesa.

About 1976, Art and I were honored at a presentation by Brother Hal Taylor and Brother Dale Tingey for the \$500 a month we had given to Indian Mission for years to help the Indian missionaries. We each received a beautiful Triple Combination Scriptures with our name engraved on the front and personally signed by the Prophet, Spencer W. Kimball.

This fulfilled a part of my patriarchal blessing which told me I would help the Lamanite people. I had always worried about this and wondered if I had failed to do my part in what I thought had meant to preach and work with them. But I realized my part was to help them financially to further the Gospel among them.

The Fall of 1977 around September or October we moved back to Mesa for Zina's health. Over the years the many moves I've made has been for someone's health, how very blessed we were to have enough finances to make these moves to help my family.

Tom and Edwina found us a house just a few blocks from them and just the perfect size - that is after Charley

Hardy added the storeroom to hold all our junk.

February 16, 1979 a big 90th birthday party was given for me at Jay and Aleen's new home (just barely finished in time) in Mesa. Many friends and relatives came and visited both from Mesa, Holbrook, and California.

March, 1979, Art and I limited our partnership. It was a very difficult and heartbreaking time for me. I would go back and forth to Holbrook but I realized I was unable to carry my share of the load and the responsibilities of this partnership on a very limited basis made it so I didn't have to be there so much.

I still go up occasionally and visit Art and stay in my home in Holbrook. I especially look forward to the visits to St. Johns and fishing trips with Art and Betty.

The lawyers helped me and my family form a Trust to help protect and provide for Zina and my children. This was June 5, 1981.



90th Birthday - 1979

Art, Elda, Beulah and I put on one of our little one act plays for the family in 1972 and 1974. Everyone said they enjoyed it, but I had a heck of a time learning my part.

I always loved to be in plays. I was usually the villain. This was before I was married and then a few years afterwards. My girls have asked which was my favorite. I just liked them all. Some I remember best are, "The Two Orphans," "Hazel Kirk," "Oliver Twist," and "Bound by Oath." We would take these to towns all around.

My kids wanted me to put that I played the harmonica at the Navajo and Apache County reunion in Mesa a couple of years. John played along with me on his guitar. I always loved to play the harmonica for my kids and grandkids to sing and dance to.

November 11, 1981, took my children and their mates to Hawaii. All were able to go except Harold and Nita. Harold had had emergency surgery just two weeks before we left and although we had all reservations for twelve - only ten were able to go on the "Handicap Tour!" This trip was to celebrate my 93rd birthday. It was packed with good memories and fun times. It was extra special that Aleen still felt well enough to enjoy it.

It is March 1982, and I have outlived all my relatives on both sides of my family. I am the only brother with hair on my head past middle age, and I've got a darn good crop considering I'm 93 years old.

EARNEST J WHITING FAMILY NEWS

We are happy to report that Uncle Earnest celebrated his 93rd birthday on February 16, 1982. This was a real milestone for him. He enjoyed having his family with him and it is such a blessing to have him well and able to enjoy all that is going on. He is really enjoying good health and he invites anyone in the Mesa area or coming this way to be sure and come see him.

Also, we celebrated Aunt Zina's birthday on Wednesday, April 21st. She was 80 years old and on the evening of May 1st had a lovely party and reception for her at the home of Edwina and Tom Dastrup. We feel that this couple certainly has added greatly to our family during this year and we wish them both many many more happy and successful years.

We had two weddings this year. Susan Dastrup was married to Scott Doying of San Jose, California on February 1, 1982. Joyce Whiting Robinson was married to Dan Spencer Packard on February 19, 1982 in the Arizona Temple. We wish these couples great happiness and love in their new life's endeavors. We had several babies born. A daughter, Darby, to Terry and Larry Schnepf on December 15, 1981. Jason, a son to Laura and Bob Muder on March 5, 1982. Gary Davis, son-in-law of Edwina and Tom Dastrup was made First Councilor in the Bishopric in Blythe, California.

There was one event that as a family we would like to report. On November 11 - November 23rd, our father took all of his children to Honolulu for a wonderful vacation. We traveled the various islands and just had a grand time. We appreciated as a family and children to have had this opportunity to be with our father.

KAY & ELIZABETH BERRY FAMILY NEWS

Dave and Sharon Berry Family:

Dave has opened a dental practice in San Diego, specializing in dentures. Sharon enjoys substitute teaching, oil painting, music, and crafts. Their four daughters are very busy with school activities and music lessons, and Michael loves kindergarten.

John and Louine Hunter Family:

.John continues to serve as a Superior Court Judge in Ventura County. Louine, mother of 10, was just called as Relief Society President. Oldest son, Robert, returned from a mission in Uruguay and is attending BYU, studying pre-law. Second son, Steven, is a missionary in Australia.

Alan and Bette Berry Family:

Alan continues as Seneca, Missouri's town dentist. Tara May recently joined their family, making 3 boys and 2 girls. Grandparents Kay and Elizabeth traveled back to see them near the time of her birth.

Dennis and Rosie Byers Family:

They are back in cold Minnesota after a few years in sunny California. Dennis enjoys his new job and their two daughters and three sons are growing up too fast. They are planning to visit California this summer.

Tres and Julie Tanner:

Tres is a Marriage & Family counselor in Escondido, California. Julie keeps busy chasing one year old Benjamin Paul whose long-lashed, big, blue eyes make him quite a show-stopper. Big sisters Merilee, Lisa and Wendy keep a watchful eye on him on their new property in Valley Center, a rural community.

Doug Berry is living in Provo, Utah where he is pursuing his interest in music. He plays the flute and several saxophones and is involved in some music groups there.

Dad & Mom (Kay & Elizabeth):

They continue to enjoy their retirement and keep busy with

their interests. They especially love their grandchildren who are getting quite numerous. They occasionally travel, but enjoy returning to their home of 35 years in San Gabriel, California.

ELDA WHITING BROWN FAMILY
NEWS By Elma Brown Smith

NEW BABIES

Daryl and John Lee, girl, named Jordan
Norman and Karen Brown, boy, named Devin Ray
Eric and Heidi Shields, girl, named Chelsea
Scott and Christy Shields, girl, named Sally Rae
Jeffrey and Patty Shields, boy, named Marcus Lane
Alan and Becky Shields, girl, named Jessica

The three babies I reported last time do have names, in case anyone is keeping track:

Ann and Tom Perry, girl, April
Brian and Lynette Burdick, girl, Mellissa
Kenneth and Debbie Sagers, girl, Christina

As you see Zion is growing. Mom has 52 grandchildren, 50 great-grand children with several more already announced on the way.

Marty Burdick came home from his mission in January. He got home on a Friday, reported his mission on Sunday and left Monday for school at B.Y.U.

The three kids, Carol & Douglas Brown & Jeanine Burdick, who were going to B.Y.U. Hawaii, all returned home and are going to school at B.Y.U. While they were still over there, Mom, Jack, Anna Vee, Nathel, Russell, Geraldine and Willard went over to visit them and did some touring and visiting other islands. I thought one of them might send along something more, but up to now nothing. While they were there they met Uncle Earnest's family and had a good time with them. Someone said to Geraldine when she got back home, "I'll bet your mother was glad to have you along to help her." Gerry said, "I would have been glad to help her, but I couldn't catch her."

Larry and Diane Sagers and family were transferred to Fillmore, Utah, but not for long, they are now in the process of moving to Provo, Utah.

As most of you know, Mom has spent the winter in Gilbert. She built an apartment onto Brent's house and is very comfortable there. In fact, while she was in Hawaii,

Daryl and I used it and we agree it is nice and comfortable, we were grateful we could use it.

Tom and Ann (Burdick) Perry have been transferred to Albuquerque, N.M. and they are glad to be closer to home. Have spent a weekend or two in St. Johns. Their new address is 340 Antelope S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87123. Also Maren Burdick's new address is 7224 East Harmony Circle, Mesa, AZ 85204. She is working as a guard at the Arizona State Prison in Florence. We all have a hard time thinking of her wearing a gun and all, but she seems to like it a lot. That is the field she graduated in from college.

Christene called Mom (Elda) and told her there might be a first at the reunion this year, she is expecting July 6th, but she says she isn't going to miss the reunion as her last baby was due the middle of December, and she didn't arrive until January 19th. She missed everything all those holidays, so she swears she is coming to the reunion. So please some of you doctors come, I'm not ready to deliver my grandchildren yet.

Alan and Becky Shields are living in Snowflake, he is building houses there.

Gus Shields has been very ill. He had an operation on his stomach and we do hope that he is feeling much better now.

Grant and Louine Shields and all their MARRIED kids and unmarried kids, sixteen in all, went back to pick up Greg in North Carolina when he completed his mission last summer. They left all the grandchildren at home with their other grandparents, etc. They, visited Jeff's wife's parents in Georgia and Eric's wife's brother in Washington, then they went to New York, and visited church history sites on the way back home. It was a wonderful trip, but they tried to do too much in too little time. All four daughters-in-laws were pregnant on the trip, but they were really good sports.

During the past year all five of their married children have had babies, four girls and one boy. So that brings the number of grandchildren up to eleven.

Scott has been made Ward Clerk in the same ward where his Brother Jeff is in the Bishopric. They have bought houses in the Sugarhouse area just one block

apart and they work one block apart downtown. Jeff is a lawyer in the Kennicott building and Scott is an accountant in the Beneficial Life building. They each have three children.

Julie's husband, Doug Ahlstrom, is just finishing his second year at the BYU law school, and she teaches Kindergarten a half-day while her mom takes care of their little girl.

Eric is teaching history at Timpview High School in Provo. He and his wife are going on a trip to Europe with her folks and brothers and sister in June. They are disappointed as they were supposed to be going to Israel, but the conditions over there have made that impossible.

Alan and his wife are living in Snowflake where he is building a house to resell. He is coming back to BYU this summer and pick up some math classes so he can teach at Snowflake High next year. Alan and Eric each have two children.

Greg is on the High Jump team at BYU and doing very well.

Zach will be graduating from Timpview High School this spring and will probably go to BYU for a year before he goes on his mission.

Lisa is a sophomore at Timpview and is on both the Gymnastics and Track Team.

Kathy is eleven (going on 18) and is in the end of her 6th year at Rock Canyon school.

Grant (Gus) was released from being Bishop of a BYU Ward after three years. He's had some bad health problems, but seems to be feeling quite a lot better at the present time.

NEWS FROM PRIESTLEY'S

The past year has been full of changes for us during the past year. Roberta lost both her parents, and she is now living in her parent's home and she has been busy taking care of it and making it even more beautiful. So I too have

moved back into the apartment where she did live. I spend a great deal of time with them at their home now. Roberta and her children take beautiful care of me, and check on me when I go home. I don't know any senior citizens getting better care than I get.

Ann and Bruce are the pride and I have lived so close to them all their lives and I feel the same love I did for their Father. I feel as if Roberta belongs to me too. We get along wonderfully well and I love her too.

Now about our 3 year old Cristena Dawn. She amazes me every day with her bright mind and her talk when I leave to go home. She will say, "Have a good day Grandma," It certainly helps me to try and make it that way. She is the blessing of us all. She is adored by everyone who knows her. I hope you can all get acquainted with her.

Roberta received her Master's Degree with honors this year. Ann is at BYU finishing her 3rd year.

Bruce is in his 1st year at Pasadena City College.

FRANK & MARTHA BROWN FAMILY

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A L A N B R O W N
...answers mission call.

PS youth to serve mission in Virginia

PALM SPRINGS— The 1979-80 student body president of Palm Springs High School has been called to serve in the Virginia Roanoke Mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Alan Brown, 19, son of Dr. and Mrs. Raymon Brown, recently entered the church's Mission Training Center in Provo, Utah, where he is receiving a month of training.

Despite a nerve injury that makes it difficult for him to walk, young Brown distinguished himself throughout his middle school and high school years.

In the 9th grade at Nellie M. Coffman Junior High, he set a record in bar dips — push-ups from bars suspended above the floor — by doing 76 consecutive dips. And as a 12-year-old Boy Scout, Brown succeeded in a 10-mile hike, despite his handicap. He also earned his Eagle Scout award in the spring of 1981.

While student body president, Brown was named Student of the Year by the Daughters of the American Revolution and captured the Lions Club Citizenship Award.

He earned a full tuition scholarship to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah last year where he intends to major in accounting on returning from his two-year mission.

FRANK & MARTHA BROWN FAMILY

HOME

Be it ever so humble! There's no place like home. Especially when you've been living in South Dakota and you're used to California weather. Ray and Ruth are back from their mission and are living in Chino again.

The news from that family is their new missionary, Alan Brown, (Nora and Raymon's boy) who is in Roanoke, Virginia. (He may deserve a prize for being the young man most excited to go on a mission! and the most appreciative of the opportunity)

The Ray Brown family is doing its share to keep the Brigham Young University going. They all have the last name of Brown, Mike, Lee, Ann, Todd.

Ray and Ruth Brown took a trip to Mexico with Ray and Ruth Lewis. The four of them went in Ray Brown's truck and trailer to Baja, California. At Cabo San Lucas they (and the truck and trailer) traveled on a twenty-two hour boat trip to Puerto Vallarta. They enjoyed traveling up the coast of Mexico.

A NEW GENERATION - Ruth & Ray Lewis news:

Little Ashley Neeleman's arrival heralded the fourth generation for Martha Whiting Brown Berry. (Uncle Herbert was way ahead of Martha in that area!) She is the daughter of David and Vicky Neeleman. She was born on November 1, 1981. One month later little Tara Lee was born to Scott and Gay Lynn Lewis.

MUSICAL HOUSES

We can't resist telling about the latest phenomenon in the Startup family - the change in housing!

Linda's father (Frank's wife's father) went to a rest home. Gordon and Carol and family moved into his house. Maurine and Elbert moved into the house Gordon and Carol had been living in. Carl and Lynnae Knapp moved into the house Maurine and Elbert had been living in. Karen and Bob Berrett moved into the house Carl and Lynnae had been living in. (I wonder if this breaks some kind of a record!)

The best news from the Elbert and Maurine Startup family comes in the form of their first great-grandchild, Michael Szezapanik, Jr. who was born in March. And also in the fact that Shauna (Marsha's daughter) and her

husband, Michael Szezapanik, Sr., will be sealed in the Washington, D.C. Temple and have their son sealed to them in the first part of April.

The three D's -- Daunine, Danielle, and Diane are all expecting babies. (Diane is one of the twins and the other two girls are Gordon's daughters.)

TAHITI

Lester and Louise (Brown) Carlston have just returned from a wonderful two weeks in Tahiti.

After about forty-two years of marriage, the Carlston's enjoyed their first real vacation for just the two of them. Louise reports that they basked in the sun and relaxed and had a fantastic time.

Judy is helping husband, Ted Ragsdale, get through the last two weeks of doing other people's income tax!

We all remember when Suzanne cried at baby showers because she thought she'd never be able to have a baby, but she and her husband, Bob Labrum, are expecting their fourth on the 15th of April.

Laurie and David Kugler are taking care of two little foster children, along with their own little boy. Laurie is Primary President.

Marlene and Steve Gillins have a new son - Mark Joseph Gillins, born February 12, 1982. They have moved to Dallas, Texas.

Anna Beth and Arnie Peterson are the newlyweds of the family!

Caralee is working and living in Texas with the Gillins.

George is in high school and taking music lessons. He loves music and is enjoying his last year in high school.

ST. LUCIA

Ronald and his wife may be moving back to the "States" in the future, but they don't know how soon.

Linda and Hank Blake have a sporting goods store in the Rexburg area.

Marijane and Tim Hayes are enjoying Idaho Falls with their family.

Jim and Rosie Brown have three little girls and are considering a move to Idaho (at last report).

Gill lives in Las Vegas with his family.

Vicky is in the Alhambra vicinity of Los Angeles, staying with her grandmother, Olive Parker, and working.

Becky is attending the Brigham Young University and working in the cafeteria in the Missionary Training Center.'

Tom is on the last half year of his mission to Bolivia.

CHURCH VAGABONDS

Jim and Maydene Bodell are living at "Old Farm" condominiums in Salt Lake City with Dan in engineering school at the University of Utah and Dixie in her senior year of high school. When Dixie graduates in June, they may be on the go again, as Jim has started building a church in San Jose, California, after building some condominiums in Park City.

Jimae and Bruce Kenney are busy in church work and with their family. Jimae works part-time as a dietetic consultant for a nursing home and a home for retarded children.

Kristine and Ed Gates are returning from Hawaii in April, after building their second church on the big island for Bodell Construction, and they are bringing a precious souvenir - Meilani Jimae Gates, born March 5, 1982.

Michael and Joan are enjoying their new home in the Holladay area of Salt Lake and their little boy.

Mark and Annabel are enjoying life in the Cottonwood area, with their two little girls.

Pamela and Michael Hicks, with Rachel, are in Urbana, Illinois, with Michael working on his doctorate in music.

Tim and Patty have a newcomer to their family - Jacob Hoff Bodell, born March 8, 1982.

E.I. WHITING FAMILY NEWS

Mark and Rexann Shumway have a brand new beautiful baby girl who had a difficult time at birth and was in the intensive care unit for some time, but is fine now, and we will go up to help bless her in two weeks.

Rex has been invited to deliver the address to the graduating class at the B.Y.U., April 23rd. Richard, Douglas, Wilford and wives hope to be there with him and Janet at that time.

Sherrie and Susan Shumway (Douglas' two oldest daughters) have had outstanding success in their high school this year in athletics. They were on the girls' basketball team who took Class B North this year, and were defeated in State by one point. Sherrie is Vice President of her school, and Susan received national recognition for her work in mathematics.

Melba will return from a trip to Australia and New Zealand. She was gone three weeks, and surely has had some marvelous experiences.

It was a special Easter occasion for the Karl Benson family when their daughter, Kim and her husband, Richard Hale, received their endowments and had their young son sealed to them. Pam's brothers, Ken and Ed Whiting and their wives, and sister, Claudia Lowell, and parents, Mel and LaVelle DeSpain, joined them at the Arizona Temple for this important occasion.

If you have ever engaged Mel DeSpain for interior decorating services you can now say in all honesty, "I have the same decorator Erma Bombeck has." For the second time Mel is doing the Bombeck cabin in Pinetop.

LaVelle DeSpain has recently finished a writing assignment for the new book, "The History of the St. Johns Stake." As a guest writer, LaVelle has written the chapter on the Stake Relief Society, which gives a brief history of the lives of all Stake Relief Presidents.

Located in a lovely new home in a choice area in Mesa has brought much happiness and untold blessings to Steve and Claudia Lowell.

I must apologize for having to leave part of the Whiting Tree out this printing. I asked many of you to write a tribute to my Father, Earnest J. Whiting, and I received so many of them that the cost of printing is more than I can print at this time. I would like to recognize all those that wrote and mailed tributes to Dad. I am making copies of them and giving' to my Father, and he is very pleased with the response.

Those that have written a tribute to Dad are as follows:

Beulah W.Heward
John E. Heward
Marion Heward
Myrna W.Borden
Nita W. Bushman
Harold E. Bushman
Beth W. Simper
Dan Simper
Kathy Bogart
Julie Petersen
Edwina W. Dastrup
Aunt Elda Brown
Philip R. Brown
Jack A. Brown
Netta Brown
Elma Smith
Nathel Burdick
Aunt Myn Priestley
A. Milton (Mickey) Whiting
Mabel Shumway
Maree Berry Hamblin
Joycell Cooper
F. Ray Brown

Many others have called in and wished me success on this WHITING TREE. I have wanted to have as much as we can for each of these wonderful people that we are trying to honor. Please forgive me this time, and we will try to keep these within a bracket so that we can afford the printing.

I am still short of monies for the WHITING TREE publication, Spring, 1982. I will appreciate your sending in your \$5 for our publications during 1982.

REMEMBER!!!! The Edwin Marion Whiting Family Reunion
on July 3 - 4th. If there is anything I can do for you,
please let me know.